Qu. Say then, who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncke *Riuers*, yea, and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraingtie.

King. Be eloquent in my behal
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt
King. Then in plaine tearmes tel
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is to
King. Madam, your reaſons are
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too
Too deepe and dead poore infant
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſt
King. Now by my George, my
Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, a
King. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no o
The George prophan'd, hath loſ
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd his
The Crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to
Sweare then by ſomething that t
King. Now, by the world.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wro
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſho
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſu
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of a
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake an
The vnitie the King my brother
Had not beene broken, nor my
If thou hadſt fear'd to breake an
The Imperiall mettall circling n
Had grac't the tender temples o
And both the Princes had been
Which now two tender play-fel
Thy broken faith hath made a
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong'd
For I my ſelfe haue many teares
Hereafter time for time, by thee
The children liue, whoſe parent

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